THE SINGING COUNTS LESS

A NEW OPERATIC BROMIDE IN TOWN THIS SEASON.

It's About Tone as Compared With Interpretation in Opera—French, Russian, Italian, American Men and Women Exhibit the New Idea—Sensationalism.

There is a new musical bromide in town. Its use is certain to produce an effect of learning combined with the most modern knowledge of things operatic.

"In this country," so runs the fresh bromide, "tone is more valued than interpretation. In Europe one is chiefly interested by interpretation."

Some similar opinion came first to a hearing when Mary Garden wrote her ideas of the state of operatic art in this country That such a condition of affairs existed in Europe has long been suspected by the New York public.

Most of the artists who have recently come to this country show much more ability at interpretation than in producing beautiful tone. Miss Garden proved herself one of the most striking instances of this particular talent. No present star of the operatic firmament seems more in need of the traditional advice that she should be heard and not seen

"She danced at the conclusion of the jewel song!" said a veteran conductor after seeing a recent performance of "Faust." "What courage prima donnas have nowadays! She tries to think, and so do the other young prima donnas, of something she can do that will make the scenes more sensational than they used to be.

"Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson were delighted when they were able to sing the music well. Sometimes they trembled in their boots for fear they could not do that well. But nowadays it is not the singing that counts.

"It's the interpretation, and the chances are there will be more and more interpretation and less and less singing every year."

Even if this dark prophecy is not fulfilled, there is increasing emphasis laid on the interpretation of rôles to the occasional disadvantage of the musical side. It may be that the great figures of the operatic stage never found it necessary to interpret. Adelina Patti always conquered by her musicianship and the matchless beauty of her voice.

Jean de Reszke could never have been called an interpreter in the present sense of the word, although no emotion that his rôle contained could fail to be beautifully illuminated and glorified through his power of expressing it with his voice. That was the older school of interpretation—through the voice.

"Modern interpretation, so far as I can see," said a conductor who has had before him all the great artists of his time, "consists chiefly in the liberal use of makeup and similar material aids to creating an impression. Singers now think more of wigs, grease, paint and the details of dress than the actors do."

The greatest operatic master of makeup who ever came to the United States is Maurice Renaud. He is shown here as *Mephistopheles* in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust."

The profile shows a long beaklike nose. This organ on Mr. Renaud's classic face is rather short, although classically straight. The nose he wears on the devil occupies more than an hour in construction.

The end of it is already built. It is made of papier maché and is attached to the singer's nose by a short extension of the linen with which it is covered. Over this goes a thin layer of putty to attach the organ firmly to the singer's face, and then comes the covering of grease paint.

All opera singers go early to the theatre. Most of them arrive there between half past five or six, even if the opera is not to begin until 8. M. Renaud goes to the theatre at 5 whenever "La Damnation de Faust" is to be the programme.

He has other effects just as striking as this costume. In "Herodiade" he uses a liquid which imparts to his eyes the light of a bluish flame. About his eyes in the opera of Massenet are these circles, which impart a look of supernatural beauty to his scenes of religious exaltation as *Jean*.

In the more conventional operas, such as "Rigoletto," which allows no opportunity for interpretation to the same extent, M. Renaud makes less effort to be unusual in appearance and action. His embodiment of *Don Giovanni* offers no eccentric detail. He merely attempts to make *Don Giovanni* as fascinating and handsome as possible.

This is not difficult since M. Renaud happens to be one of the few good looking men on the operatic stage, and it takes great self-denial for him to disfigure himself so effectively as he does in some of his rôles. The photograph of *Mephistopheles* does not display the rough skin and the sprouting hairs which are a detail of this makeup.

M. Renaud depends less than some of the newer school of interpreters on physical aids, for he is an accomplished singer, although his art is employed on an organ with no particular sensuous beauty and not always in best condition, as the barytone is sensitive to changes in the weather.

Altogether of a different school of the new interpreters is Theodor Chaliapine, the Russian basso who has been at the Metropolitan this winter for the first time. M. Chaliapine is the most modern of all operatic interpreters, since he sacrifices everything to the creation of the character in its outward and visible phases.

He had not been on the operatic stage more than two years before his originality in this respect became known outside of Russia. His *Mephistopheles* in Boito's "Mefistofele" brought him out of Russia, even if his other equally strong character studies had not this effect. It may be that they were made for the most part in opera not known or destined to be heard outside of Russia.

The picture here of the Vasilievitch compared with the rather smug countenance of the young Russian still in the thirties shows how much trouble he takes to interpret his types. As *Don Basilio* in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" he builds his head up much higher than nature made it. It is not possible here to distinguish whether the front teeth of *Ivan* as Chaliapine shows him in the opera of Rimsky-Korsakoff are missing. Probably they are. Blocking out some of his front teeth with black wax is one of the Russian's ways of depicting character. Both *Don Basilio* and *Leperello* were almost toothless.

M. Chaliapine has shown that he does not consider all the traits of his interpretation infallible. When he brought out from his gallery for the first time *Don Basilio*, that worthy was a most unsavory character. His cassock was covered with spots, his general appearance untidy and his personal habits as they were revealed in his use of a handkerchief almost revolting. When he last appeared *Don Basilio* had assumed a clean cassock and his belt was neat. He was more circumspect too in the way of using his handkerchief.

In the same way *Leperello* grew less of a lout as the season advanced. As interpretations of character in such classics as "Il Barbiere" and "Don Giovanni" these efforts are distinctly of the school of Nijni Novgorod and better suited for display in the market place there than on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. M. Chaliapine has never been accused of devoting too much thought to tone rather than interpretation.

In the production of "Louise" M. Dalmores, who has not been known in two years to sacrifice tone to interpretation, looked about him for the best model on which to base his conception of *Julien*, the young artist. It occurred to him after a while that there could be nobody so well suited to that purpose as Charpentier, the composer of the opera.

Charpentier lived for years in the Paris Bohemia before he made a great success with his opera, and he is now dying at Nice, unable to finish the cycle he had planned because of his sojourn amid the pleasures of Bohemia. The tenor had known Charpentier when he went to Brussels to produce the opera at the Théâtre de la Monnaie

For obvious reasons he did not want to base his study on the composer at that time. With M. Charpentier far away now and small chance of his seeing the reproduction of his features, M. Dalmores with the aid of his memory and a photograph produced a character that fits well into the scheme of "Louise."

Think of a tenor a score or even a decade of years ago copying a character from real life! In the present desire for interpretation nobody is safe, and the next composer to be represented on the stage of his opera house may be Oscar Hammerstein.

The adherents of the new school of interpretation are not only the singing men; the ladies have also taken their place in the new school or devoted themselves to it from the first.

Mme. Eames may be regarded as a convert, while Miss Farrar has always been a dyed in the wool interpreter. The picture of *Nedda* in "I Pagliacci" shows how a young girl from Melrose, Mass., may make herself look like the heroine of a troupe of travelling players in Italy. This picture has often appeared in print as one of Mme. Cavalieri in the part of *Nedda*—a mistake which must have delighted the American singer.

Miss Farrar did model her coiffure on the mask of Otero and other beauties, and the fact that she looks like Mme. Cavalieri in this rôle is a great compliment to the artist whom she selected as her ideal of Italian beauty.

Curiously enough Mme. Cavalieri, who could not by any chance be included among the school of interpreters, although she has no more right to be written down as a devotee of beautiful tone, composes her *Nedda* to resemble Miss Farrar.

Last of the devotees of interpretation is Mme. Eames. Formerly tone alone interested her. To express the dramatic situation and sentiment by means of the voice was all she sought to do. She enrolled herself in the army of interpreters this year, beginning with *Iris*.

To embody the fourteen-year-old Japanese girl she studied how to walk, talk and live in Japanese fashion and had her face made up by a Japanese actress. In every particular she sought to be as Japanese as she could.

Applying the cosmetics and fitting the wig occupy nearly an hour before the performance begins. Comparison between Mme. Eames in private life and in the opera shows how thoroughly she has become an interpreter.

That she has just evinced this tendency may in part be attributed to the fact that she has never hitherto attempted the rôles of the modern répertoire. Interpretation applied to Mozart and Rossini are likely to be fatal, as the case of M. Chaliapine showed.

Emma Calvé was an interpreter before any of the younger women who are now notable in that field, and she was an interpreter who never lost sight of the value of beautified tone. The kind of interpretation that depends on false hair and grease paint she made subservient to the emotions that the voice expresses.

She was not behind Chaliapine and Miss Farrar in her mastery of the mechanical means of interpretation. Whoever saw her cross in the prison scene of "Faust" and her arrangement of the cottage windows in the garden scene of the same opera could never doubt that. But she sought to make her voice the real means of interpretation—which is a theory of the voice's purpose in opera that has been held by many well informed persons who are getting now their first lessons in operatic interpretation as opposed to mere tone.

GRANDMA PAYS FOR FLIRTING

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE THAT AMUSED ENGLAND.

Woman of 60 Sued for Damages by the Man She Sought as Husband—$250 Awarded to Him—It Was the Ten Grandchildren That Made the Trouble.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—A grandmother as defendant in a breach of promise case is the latest novelty in litigation in England. The facts are these:

An elderly Jewish lady of means, the grandmother of ten devoted grandchildren, modestly mentioned to one or two discreet friends that if she could find a man of her own age, 60, who was respectable and of a religious turn of mind she would be glad to take him for better or for worse. Before long one of the discreet friends told her that he had discovered a suitable match for her in the person of one Lazarus Phillips, and Lazarus was brought to the grandmother's house to be looked upon with a view to matrimony.

He scored heavily, did Lazarus, and after a few more meetings the good lady, with a directness which does her credit in this artificial age, took his hand, saying: "I know what you have come for." Then, resolved to go the whole length, she kissed him, murmuring, "Now we are engaged."

Lazarus seems to have been a bit bowled over by this, but braced up upon hearing that his generous betrothed had decided to deed her house to him and to settle $2,500 a year upon him for life the day after their marriage.

Now indeed did Lazarus see ahead of him an easy and comfortable old age. Presents were exchanged. She gave him a matchbox with the inscripton "In me a" (then there was a representation of a match) "you will always find." And he gave her some sweetbreads, calves' tails and a leg of mutton.

For several months all went well. Lazarus bought a wedding ring and the old lady busied herself with the trousseau.

But the ten grandchildren, seeing their grandmamma's money being turned into other channels, put their heads together. How they managed it history does not state, but Lazarus began to notice that his Florrie was drawing away from him. She pleaded illness and could not see him when he called. Once she wrote and told him that she had learned that his true age was only 47, and that, of course, she could not marry a man so much her junior. When he succeeded in proving that he had reached the requisite 60 she said a physician had told her that her health was in a precarious condition and that she must abjure marriage.

Then as a final blow she offered to draw him a check for $175 if he would release her from their engagement. Then did Lazarus rise in his wrath and berate her infidelity in words of flame. He did more; he sued her for breach of promise and demanded $2,500 for damages done his wounded affections.

The lady appeared at the trial supported by the ten triumphant conspirators, and lonely Lazarus stated his case with much emotion.

Now, the result of breach of promise cases in England in which a woman sues for damages is always a foregone conclusion. The wounded heart of the lady is always appeased by a monetary settlement. Men seldom sue, and perhaps that is the reason why Judge and jury turned to Lazarus in his affliction. He did not of course get all he demanded, for besides the $2,500 he had also a list of prices paid for presents and an account of what he had paid for a trousseau which he would never have purchased had he not supposed he was to be the husband of a rich woman. No, he didn't get all he demanded; in fact, he got only $250.

The Court was convulsed with mirth over the love affairs of Florrie and Lazarus, and the proceedings were farcical. Only Florrie and Lazarus themselves saw no humor in the situation. They cited their respective cases, he with gloomy wrath and she with coy emotion, and ever the ten watchful ones rallied around their flirtatious grandmamma lest her heart should soften.

"Did you love him?" the lawyer gravely asked the old lady.

"Ladies always do love truly," replied the grandmother with downcast eyes and a slight emphasis on the ladies. The watchful ten moved uneasily.

When the discreet friend gave evidence and admitted that he was to have had a check for his service in securing an eligible husband, but that it never materialized, the grandmother did not change color and bore unflinchingly the look of reproach Lazarus cast upon her for this perfidy to his friend as well as to himself.

The testimony of Lazarus caused bursts of merriment. In cross-examination the counsel asked him, "Were you in love with her, or was it a matter of money?"

"I was going to marry her," said Lazarus, with dignity, "because I knew I should be comfortable for the rest of my life and have a good wife."

The only love letter in the case was read by the lawyer for the plaintiff to show what anxiety of mind Lazarus had endured. It ran as follows:

MY DARLING FLORA: I have been very miserable not seeing you. My darling, do not make any "schnacks" with me. With my fondest love, your ever affectionate and faithful

LAZARUS.

The Court charged that a man had as good a right to sue a woman for breach of promise as a woman had to sue a man. It was merely a question of breach of contract.

"If these actions are to continue," said his lordship, "there must be fair play."

The jury immediately returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and Florrie left the court the poorer by a couple of hundred dollars and with only the triumphant ten for her nature to twine about, while Lazarus stalked gravely from the place with but a paltry $250 as balm to his wounded pride and outraged affections.

THE OLD MILLPOND DID IT

MRS. NELSON FOUND A STEADY INCOME IN CRANBERRIES.

A New Jersey Widow's Way of Supporting a Family of Five—The Work of Cranberry Raising Easy and Profitable After the Patch Is Started—Picking

For the last ten years Mrs. Jessie C. Nelson has supported herself and sent her four children to school by raising cranberries on the bottom of an old millpond in New Jersey.

On her husband's death Mrs. Nelson found herself possessed of something less than $2,000 in life insurance, an old mill site with the ruins of a burned mill, an old drained off pond grown up in cedars and other small trees, and a cottage with less than five acres of high ground.

"The cottage was without a tenant at the time, so I determined to give up the house in town and move into it and try raising poultry and vegetables for a living," Mrs. Nelson said when telling her experience as the breadwinner for a family of five. "I knew that with such a small capital I would have to begin on a small scale, but as I had been brought up on a farm and had had considerable experience with poultry I felt that I could manage to pull along with the assistance of my two boys, who were then 8 and 10.

"When I came to look the old millpond over, the fact that the dam was almost intact and that the pond could easily be flooded made me think of cranberries. No, I had never had any experience in raising cranberries. I had only seen them growing one summer at Cape Cod.

"But I had heard and seen enough that summer to know that if once I got a good cranberry patch I might rest comparatively easy about the education of my children, which was then the point that was keeping me awake nights. Of course I read and questioned to find out all that I could about the culture of cranberries.

"I even went to the expense of paying a successful grower to come here and give me his ideas on the suitability of the land. The minute he saw the cedars that had grown up in the bottom of the old pond he said the land was all right.

"That was the first point I learned about growing cranberries—low ground where cedars grow will produce cranberries, but not land where gum trees are indigenous. I don't know the reason, because I have been too busy learning facts to leave me time to inquire into the wherefore.

"That man went over the ground with me, pointing out where the land should be raised and where it might be dug down, how the channel of the stream should be deepened and how the gate for the sluice should be made. Then I paid him the fee agreed on and he departed.

"From that day to this I have acted on my own responsibility, depending entirely on my own judgment. After cutting down the trees and brush that had grown up in the old pond I had the roots all dug up and piled near my cottage for fuel.

"Then the low, damp places were filled in by digging down the little hillocks that were humped up here and there over the pond. I made the place just as level as the cranberry grower had advised, deepened the channel of the stream and then began to haul sand.

"Sand, sand, there seemed to be no end to the sand required to cover that land. It had to be ten inches deep and scattered smoothly.

"When cold weather set in there was still about an acre to be covered and I had set my heart on having the whole place ready for planting the next spring. At last I hit upon a scheme.

"I had the gates of the sluice put in place and flooded the pond. After the ice was thick enough to bear it I had the sand hauled out and scattered on the ice over the place left uncovered on the bottom of the pond. When the thaw came of course the sand sank to the bottom and the job was done.

"Early the next spring the water was drained off and as soon as a harrow could be used on the ground I put in my plants. The way I did this was unusual then, though now it is quite a common method.

"The vines were passed through a straw cutter and chopped into pieces about two inches long; then I scattered them, just as you would sow oats, over the prepared ground and harrowed them in. Did I do it myself? Yes, both the sowing and the harrowing.

"You must remember that I am a farmer's daughter and that I had four children whose future was entirely dependent on me. Every dollar meant fully 100 cents to me, if not a good bit more.

"I made up my mind from the start that I would never spend a penny where it could possibly be saved. Had I considered appearances I might have hired a man to do that work, but when a woman's children are concerned she naturally forgets appearances.

"The result of this planting was entirely satisfactory. The cuttings had time to take root and get their first growth before the hot weather set in.

"The berries that year were few and far between, but the second autumn there was enough to make picking worth while, and the third year the patch came into full bearing. All the work that has been done in that patch after the ground was prepared, except the help necessary at picking time, has been done by me and my children.

"The first two years we were kept busy pulling out weeds and grass. There was not as much as there would have been in a field of the same size because the top coating of sand keeps down both grass and weeds, but there was enough to make our back ache nights when our day's work was over.

"From my ten years experience I believe a cranberry field should be resanded at least every four years. I resand mine every two years, and the last two times I mixed guano with the sand, fifty pounds to the acre. It was scattered on the ice just as I did that first time, only the sand was not put on nearly so thick.

"Scattering sand in this way has the double advantage of enabling the work to be done at a season when things are slack and of not bruising the vines. The great advantage in sanding cranberry fields is that it stimulates new roots all along the runners imbedded in the sand. The original roots decay as the vigor of the new ones increases, and the sand also protects the runners from extremes of heat and cold.

"The best way to select sand for use in growing cranberries is also the easiest. Take a handful and squeeze it tightly in your hand. If it falls apart when you open your hand it is the kind you want. If it sticks together, either because it contains loam or clay, you don't want to have anything more to do with it so far as cranberries are concerned.

"Cranberry growers have several very serious enemies to cope with. There are several kinds of worms which are very destructive. In fighting these I keep my field flooded as late in the spring as practicable.

"After this if the pests appear I turn the water on for two days just when the first of their eggs begin to hatch. So far in my experience this has proved entirely effective, though one year there were a few that made their appearance late in the season in several spots about the field. For them I used kerosene as a spray and had no further trouble.

"Cranberry scald is a disease that I have never had to fight, and I attribute that fact to my use of sand. My theory is keep the soil in perfect condition and plant life of all varieties will be less liable to disease.

"The gall fungus is the one other serious enemy to the cranberry, and I must admit that should it attack my field I would be strongly tempted to set fire to it at once. Water carries this plague, and so far as I have seen there is no cure for a field once it is attacked by it.

"All my picking is done by hand, and I always lead my pickers. Cranberry picking comes at the pleasantest season of the year and can be made a succession of picnics if one will get in the right humor.

"Through preference I employ as many children as I can get, then fill in with women. I make a point of giving them a good hot lunch, and to that fact I attribute my success in getting the same people to work for me year after year.

"That is a decided advantage for the simple reason that cranberry pickers to a certain extent need to be trained. A bright child, preferably a girl, makes the ideal cranberry picker, because her fingers are both nimble and light. She picks the berries rapidly and without bruising. The average hand will make about $1 a day picking, and often children, and particularly nimble fingered women, make twice as much when the berries are thick.

"Before shipping cranberries should be run over a platform slightly inclined. Only the perfect fruit will roll off. The rotten and bruised berries will stick.

"As an occupation for women living in the right climate and with a field that can be flooded conveniently cranberry culture seems to me ideal. Once the field is properly prepared and the plants set out there is little or no work necessary to keep the plants in condition.

"Picking the fruit is easy work, even for grown people, while children as a rule enjoy it. My children look forward to it as the event of the year. Of course every woman can't have a cranberry patch, but if she can, in my opinion she has a small gold mine. The price is always good and the demand is always greater than the supply."

WHAT! NOT ALL LITHE DIANAS?

A PESSIMIST'S VIEWS ABOUT WOMEN ATHLETES.

Actually Denies They Are the Roseate Beings With Figures Full of Graceful Curves That Fancy Paints Them! Says Pretty Girls Can't Play the Game.

The woman athlete, if that is the proper phrase, is popularly represented as roseate and bounding, with figure full of graceful curves. She is self-reliant and active and walks with an ease that betokens the muscled frame beneath the clothing that fits her as none of her non-athletic sisters may have their raiment fitted.

That is the fancy picture. If that is actuality, why is it that the woman athlete known to so many is the reverse? It must be confessed that most of the athletic women are not exactly lithe Dianas.

On the lawn tennis court, for example, there are some instances of the athlete unbeautiful. Some of the tennis players are short, others are tall. Some may ask: Is that not the case with all women? But there are the angular tall ones and the thin short ones and the shorts and stouts and the tall and ungraceful.

When they are short and pudgy they sometimes display a wealth of curves that simply makes it all the more extraordinary that they should be athletes. One wonders not so much that their athletic exercise has not done more for their development as that they are able to be good players carrying weight for age, so to speak.

Then there are the thin ones with apparently no physique who can get around skilfully enough, it must be confessed. But what has the exercise done for them? It has not filled in a single curve and it has not sent the blood of health leaping through their pulses.

In fact they walk ungracefully, they play ungracefully, and if they are not red faced and blowsy they are thin and anæmic looking. In the summer they are freckled and sunburnt; in the winter on the indoor courts they reflect the pallor of the wintry sun in an uncomfortable way.

Speak gently. Only the dubs look pretty and nice. They can't play the game; they have their looks to fall back upon.

But the champions know the game. They stride manlike to the base line. Not for them the underhand serve; not for them the bungling return.

They whip the ball up into the air and serve with the hard drive and the reverse twist and all that sort of thing. They play the backhand as well as the forehand, and they don't giggle. They can play the game too well to have to fall back upon that feminine resource.

In the mixed doubles it doesn't pay to play the ball to them. They are competent to hold up their own end. They know the crossover system in doubles and they are up to the latest tricks and a little more.

They know the slow places from just under the net and all the latest tricks. So when they play the pink and white girls in the neat fitting white skirts, the ones who display a tiny foot and a well turned ankle when the skirt is blown aside, it is like a hawk with the tender puffball of a chicken. It's downright murder and no less.

It's beautiful, but is it fair? Well, most of the weak men are inclined to like the helpless fair one, even though having the other for a partner makes the winning of the mixed doubles prize so much surer.

However, men don't like to be inferior to women, and when a man is playing with such a woman partner it's the least bit hard to keep up his side of the contention. So the cowardly man persists in liking the poor puffball, and although he admires the tennis of the other kind he admires it as tennis and not as a feminine attribute.

Take it by and large, one who has seen athletics of various kinds for some years looks in vain for the beauty and the athlete in one. There are some exceptions, it is true. But in general when you see the great Miss X., the heroine of ever so many stricken fields of athletic sports, you say, "My goodness, isn't she homely and awkward!" And then your girl friend says, "Yes, but you ought to see her play."

Play she can, but most of the men are like the mothers of three generations back. They see in athletics a sort of hardening and coarsening influence, and they don't see in it the healthful exercise that it is sometimes painted.

SELLING CLOTHING ON THE ROAD

Old Time Ways and Those of the Present Day—The Travelling Model.

Time was when the travelling salesman for a wholesale manufacturer of men's clothing carried with him on the road as many as fifteen or twenty trunks containing made up samples. In those days he took along with him an expert packer from the factory to unpack the trunks when they hit a town and to pack them in readiness for the next jump.

The present day traveller for a wholesale manufacturer of men's high grade clothing carries with him just two sample trunks; one a wardrobe trunk and the other what is called a swatch trunk. In the wardrobe trunk he carries, suspended on suitable hangers, fifteen or twenty made up suits. Carried thus, these sample garments keep in good condition and show forwhat they are and to the best advantage.

In the swatch trunk the salesman carries samples of all the other fabrics that his concern is making up. Swatch is a trade name for a sample of cloth 9 by 12 inches. Of swatches the salesman may carry hundreds, and he carries besides some scores of ends of cloth, an end being a long piece cut off the entire width of the cloth.

Of swatches and ends the salesman has a trunkful, and with fifteen or twenty made up suits to show styles and workmanship and those samples to show fabrics he can show goods to better advantage than from a bewildering assortment of hundreds of made up suits.

Of course the man on the road with clothing does not, in these circumstances, require a packer; but the present day traveller for a concern making only high grade clothing does take with him a model on whom to exhibit clothes, for the better display of the made up sample garments he carries and to show just how they will look when worn.

What is considered the standard model in the clothing trade is a man 5 feet 8 inches in height, 38 inches chest measure and 32 inches waist. He must of course be well built and otherwise of correct proportions. If a model 5 feet 9 inches in height were required he would need to be 37 inches chest measure and 33 waist.

The model must be young or comparatively young. He does not need to be handsome, but he must be of good bearing, of intelligence and of good sense.

If the salesman is an able man, and the model himself is a man with ability in him, then by observation and experience the model absorbs and develops the art of salesmanship and he may become a salesman himself and come to have a model to try on clothes for him.

ODD USES OF GLASS.

Pavements, Water Pipes and Telegraph Poles Made of It.

It was only a few months ago that plans were drawn for a house to be built of compressed opalescent glass bricks to be erected at Beechhurst, L. I. The house will be built, as regards material, very similar to some small one and two story office buildings which have been erected in Des Moines, Ia. These buildings have been pronounced indestructible by building experts.

Glass pavements are in use in Lyons, France. These pavements are made of ceramo-crystal, ceramic stone or devitrified glass. They are laid in the form of blocks, eight inches square, each block containing sixteen parts in the form of checkers. These blocks are so closely fitted together that water cannot pass between them, and the whole pavement looks like one large checkerboard.

This ceramo-crystal pavement, it is said by the manufacturers, has greater resistance than stone. It is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form upon it readily. Dirt will not accumulate upon it as easily as upon stone, and it will not retain microbes; it is more durable than stone and just as cheap.

Glass water pipes which have a covering of asphalt to prevent fracture are in use in some parts of Germany. They give thorough protection against moisture in the ground, against the actions of acids and alkalis and they cannot be penetrated by gases.

Glass telegraph poles are being manufactured at Grossalmerode, a town near Frankfort, Germany. The glass mass of which the poles are made is strengthened by interlacing and interswining with strong wire threads. These glass poles have a great advantage over the wooden ones because of their resistance against the ravages of insects in tropical countries and against the climatic influence of rain, wind and ice in other parts.

Dresses of glass cloth have been known for some time. This glass cloth has the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk. It is soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme and of so durable a nature that it never wears out.

In addition to glass cloth there are manufactured glass curtains, carpets, table cloths and napkins.

In all the world there is but one collection of glass flowers, and only one man who can make them, it is said. The collection belongs to Harvard University and is on exhibition in the Ware collection on the third floor of the university museum. The maker of them died in 1895 and his son is now well on in middle age. With his death the secret will probably die too.

In Colorado there is a bridge spanning the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River, a bridge half a mile high. It reaches from one cliff to the other, with a deep, dreadful chasm beneath it. The floor of this wonderful bridge is made of plate glass one and a half inches thick set in steel framework.

The Best Razor Strop.

"The best razor strop I ever had was a piece of glass," said the club barber. "An old barber gave it to me, and I tell you it worked fine. Unfortunately I let it fall and it broke, and I have never been able to get one like it.

"There's some kink in the grinding which I can't seem to figure out. In these days a good razor strop is a mighty hard thing to find and I would give a good deal if I could only get that piece of ground glass back again. It sure did put a cutting edge on the razor."

PRINTING ON TIN.

Myriads of Decorated Boxes and Cans Produced Annually.

Within comparatively recent years there has come to be done a great amount of printing on tin in making the innumerable decorated cans and boxes used in marketing various manufactured products.

Printing on tin is done from metal plates of zinc or aluminum, but more commonly from stone blocks. It is commonly done in two or more colors; with the use of only two colors the effect of three may be produced by leaving a part of the bright tin exposed. Many boxes or cans are printed in three or four, or half a dozen or even a still greater number of colors. Each color must be printed on the tin separately; nobody has yet invented a multicolor press for printing on tin.

Of course tin does not absorb ink as paper does, and so printed tin plates must be dried. As the printed plates come through on the press they are taken off the stone one by one and stood separately in a movable rack that will hold about twenty plates. As fast as racks are filled they are rolled into a kiln for drying, a process that may require from one to two hours. And the plates must be dried in this manner every time they come off the press, which would be, for example, six times if they were printed in six colors.

It might seem that the elaborate handling required in the drying process and the repeated handlings required in the repeated printings would add materially to the cost of the boxes, but it doesn't add so much as might be thought, for there are many pieces on a sheet. Of these strips for the sides and ends of sardine cans, for instance, there might be twenty printed on one sheet of tin. Of designs for small box covers there might be engraved on a single block as many as eighty, which would in a single color be all printed at once. So in a drying rack holding twenty plates there would be 400 sardine stripe or 1,600 small box covers, in this process all handled at once.

With the plates for all parts duly printed the printed tin is cut up and made into boxes. These decorated tin boxes of various sizes, shapes and coloring and manner of decoration are all made to order for the various consumers using them in the marketing of their goods. Some buyers of tin boxes supply to the box manufacturer the designs to be used, completely printed with the colors to be reproduced; for other buyers special designs and colorings are supplied by the box manufacturers. In either case the specially designed box becomes sooner or later a distinguishing mark of the goods or the preparation contained in it.

The number of these various sorts of decorated tin cans and boxes now sold is enormous. There are single concerns putting goods on the market in such packages that buy 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 of decorated tin boxes a year, and in the aggregate there are now sold of such cans and boxes hundreds of millions annually.

INTERSTATE COLLEGE COMPETITION.

Some Thoughts Inspired by a Correspondence Checker Match.

They are contemplating having correspondence checker matches between Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin university teams. The moves are to be sent by postcard and all games are to be played without coaching.

The incidental difficulties, such as having a postcard lost, do not daunt the Big Nine checker plate players, even though they read the other day of a woman who had just received a letter that was sent to her from New Orleans before the war.

What may puzzle some folks is the eligibility ruling under which the university men may compete. Some genius in the middle West has suggested that the universities will have to have recourse to the Interstate Commerce Commission if they want to have proper jurisdiction over the men who are going to compete.

MR. SLOWINGTON'S BANK ACCOUNT

Surprised to Discover That He Has One and Is Going to Build It Up.

"How time flies for one thing," said Mr. Slowington, "and for another, this not being a proverb or a saying or anything of that sort but just a statement of fact, I've been rich for a long time without knowing anything about it.

"Close on to twenty years ago I put $5 in a savings bank and then forgot all about it—maybe because at that time I didn't have any more money to put in; but day before yesterday I came across that old bank book in the bottom of a trunk, and it was sure enough a pleasant surprise. I'd got money in the bank.

"And then I thought I'd take the book down and get it written up, get the interest put down and have the additional fun of looking at that—see how much it had come to and all that sort of thing, you know; so yesterday I goes down to the bank and hands in the book, and the clerk takes it and looks at it and says:

"'You're just in time; this account would have stopped drawing interest in about three months more. You know, accounts on which no deposits are made stop drawing interest after twenty years.'

"And then he goes over to a desk and puts the interest down, this taking him only about a minute, for you see they keep all the accounts written up on the books of the bank, and then he brings it back to me and says pleasantly:

"'Now you better put in another dollar before the time's up, and then the account will be good for another twenty years.'

"And I put in the dollar right on the spot; but I'm not going to let it run so for another twenty years; this time I'm going to keep that book in sight, and I'm going to feed the account a little occasionally and see it grow. I like the looks of that interest."